

Youth

MAY 13, 1962

Religious Education

EXHIBIT

Public School of New York

GIDEON on BROADWAY
make **BROTHERHOOD** legal
seashores' **OPERATION HELP**



Youth

May 13, 1962

Volume 13 Number 10

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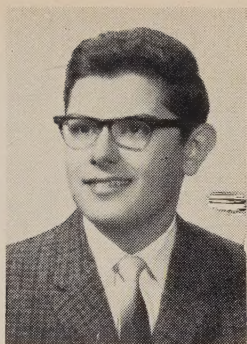
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after the storm



Robert W. Weidner is a good neighbor. When a storm struck the Jersey coast, he led 750 volunteers who drove from Allentown, Pa., to lend muscles and shovels in a day of Operation Help.



With aching back and throbbing blisters, Robert W. Weidner scooped up his first shovelful of sand into the street, then paused to survey with pride the clean-up efforts at the New Jersey seashore resort. "Operation Help" was now history and he had helped record it at Ocean City. But satisfaction gained by the 15-year-old Allentown, Pa., youth was not a monetary return. For he, like 750 other volunteers from the city of 110,000 in Pennsylvania's Lehigh Valley, had offered as a community gesture to help Ocean City dig out from under multimillion dollar damages wreaked by a raging sea and battering winds March 6-7. The unique demonstration of municipal neighborliness was attributed by some observers to the Pennsylvania Dutch tradition in which a majority of the volunteers were reared. Others likened the unprecedented

they came down to help !





effort to the spirit of the Pilgrims. Gov. Richard J. Hughes of New Jersey, who witnessed the event, said the volunteers who sacrificed a Sunday of rest to help those in need were "truly the finest of good neighbors."

Those neighbors included men, boys, and women from all walks of life. All had responded to an Allentown radio newscaster, who, a few weeks before in proposing "Operation Help," mused aloud: "I wonder if people in the Lehigh Valley have the neighborhood spirit of the old days?"

Allentown this year is celebrating its 200th anniversary and the newscaster, Charley Zaines, suggested that volunteers go in the spirit of the founding fathers of Allentown. The response was 750 persons strong.

Bob Weidner, a high school student, volunteered his efforts through the Sea Explorer Ship 6, a special level of boy scouting sponsored by the Allentown church to which he belongs, St. James United Church of Christ. Of the 30 members in the scouting unit, 25 turned out for "Operation Help."

Bob's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard G. Weidner, sanctioned the boy's plans. (Bob's father is an elder and formerly president and treasurer of St. James Church. Bob's mother is superintendent of the



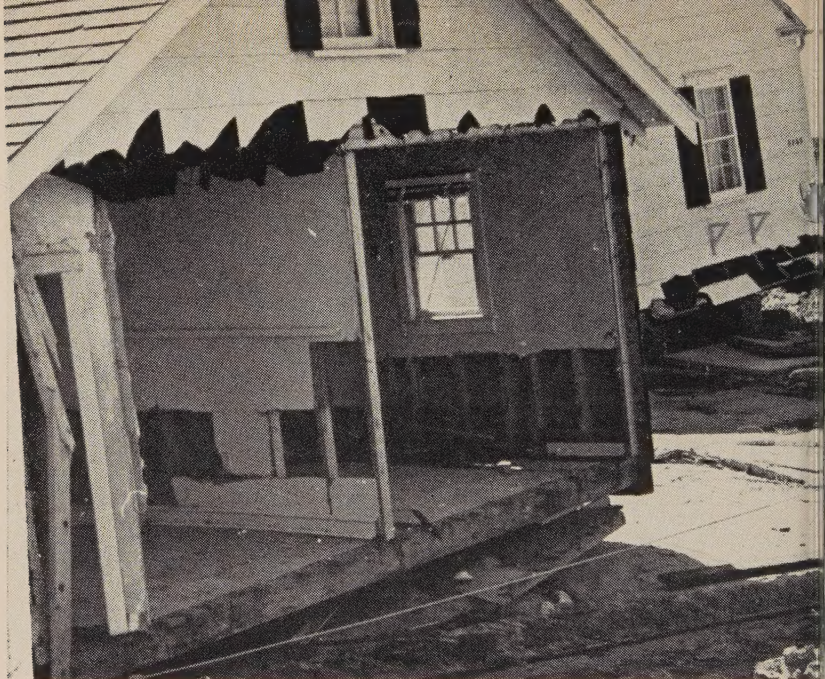
ary department where his sister, Janice, 21, teaches. Rev. L. J. ndt is his pastor.) But the seat Bob occupies regularly in Sunday hool was noticeably empty March 25, someone else had to serve in place as a junior deacon during the church service, and as the urch's Youth Fellowship met that night without his leadership.

The youth arose at 3 a. m. that day to join with the other volunteers a mile-long motorcade of cars, station wagons and buses, escorted by ice. Workers carried their own shovels and tools— plus lunches.

Although most had read of the damages at the shore resorts, few re prepared for the shock of seeing the storm-ravaged communities heavily battered. Sand from the shoreline had been carried blocks and, coating lawns, sidewalks and streets. Houses were ripped from foundations, roofs torn from buildings, portions of the boardwalk shed away, leaving only piling stumps in the Atlantic Ocean.

“It was a mess of debris,” Bob says in recalling his first impression of scarred community. “Houses were sitting in the middle of streets. ofs were ripped clear off. We found a fireplace and chimney— hing else—at one place where a house used to be.

“The whole thing was hard to believe—you had to see it to realize at damage was done. It’s hard to conceive of the powers over which



man has no control, but the evidence was there. It was devastating!"

Ocean City officials were waiting for the volunteers when the motorcade reached the resort. Leaders broke the Pennsylvanians into working units—assigning different chores in separate sections of the city. Bob and the other Sea Scouts first loaded debris onto trucks, then shoveled sand from properties and sidewalks into streets. Mechanical payloaders lifted the sand into trucks and it was carted away.

Other volunteers were called upon to repair damaged sections of the boardwalk, haul timber and driftwood, string ropes to keep away the curious. The tradesmen, like electricians, did special duties. Workers helped clear sand-covered storm sewers, dig or remove sand by parking meters and telephone poles. Women performed clerical duties and others scrubbed floors.

The Sea Scouts attracted much attention, Bob recalls, probably because they were clad in working attire: bell-bottomed trousers, white T-shirts, boots and conventional sailor caps. "Many people could only say 'Thanks' but we knew they appreciated what we were doing," Bob says. "Others just waved to us."

One of the most unusual—and unexplainable—incidents of the storm involved a church but two blocks from the beach. "There wasn't a bit of

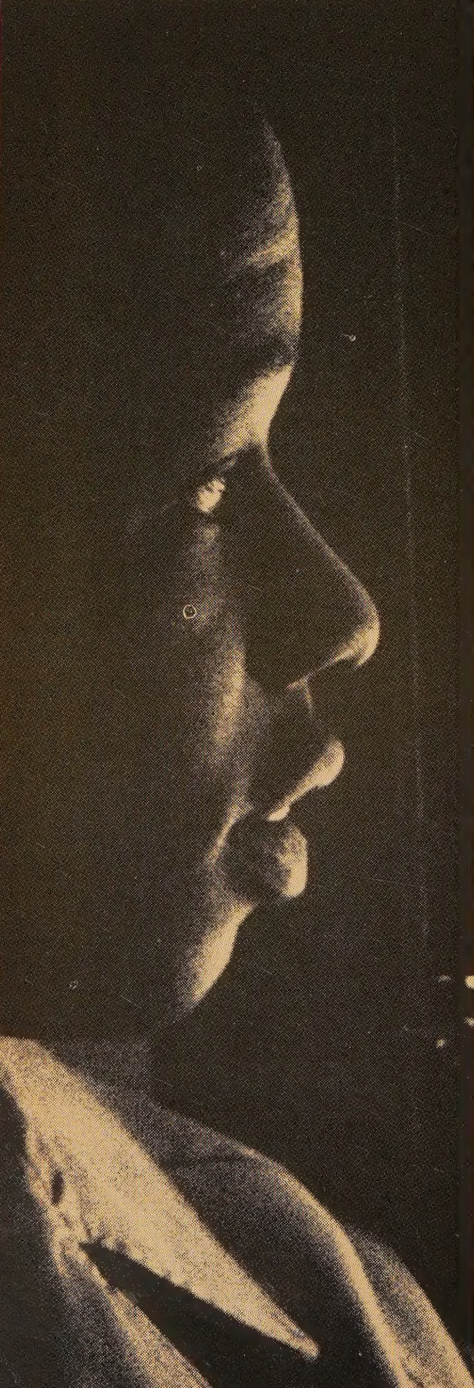


amage to the church," he recalls. "Not a single window broken or anything. Yet houses and other buildings nearby were badly damaged, some even torn apart. It makes you wonder. . . ."

Despite the volunteers' efforts, the youth says work completed that day "only put a dent in what has to be done." Indicative of the amount of work put forth by the volunteers is a camera which Bob took along but didn't bring home—without snapping a single picture. "There just wasn't time for anything but work," he says.

After a full eight-hour day, volunteers shouldered their tools and boarded vehicles for the ride home. The only incident within the 150-vehicle caravan was a flat tire on a bus—the one in which Bob was riding. His group returned to Allentown about an hour after the others. Bob, unlike some of the other participating youth, arose the following day to attend classes at William Allen High School in Allentown where he is a sophomore in the college preparatory curriculum. Word of the teachers and pupils who had assisted in "Operation Help" had reached school officials and congratulations were extended.

Disposing of would-be congratulations with a wave of his hand, Bob says his role in "Operation Help" was a "brand new experience for me—a good one."—STEVE MCNEY



*"If a man say, I love God, and
hateth his brother, he is a liar:
he that loveth not his brother whom
he hath seen, how can he love God
whom he hath not seen?" (1 John
4: 20)*

Can Laws Change Attitudes About Race?

Have you ever appreciated problems which a Negro family faces when it crosses the country in an automobile—not knowing where it will eat or sleep? Vacancy signs outside of motels are often meaningless as applied to Negroes. If you were a Negro parent in such a situation, would you not approach a motel or a restaurant with considerable apprehension and fear that you would be humiliated before your children? Do you have Negro friends who are unable to go to a local restaurant with you? Are Negroes in your community deprived of the respect that you take for granted? If so, are you concerned about this?

There are two questions with which we should be concerned: (1) Should places of public accommodation serve all without regard to race, color, creed, or national origin? (2) Should racial discrimination in public accommodations be forbidden by law?

It seems unnecessary to spend much time on the first question. Anyone who takes seriously the principles underlying our Judeo-Christian heritage must admit that discrimination against the members of any group is an insult to God and an affront to the concept of brotherhood upon which our religion is based. Would it not sound strange for a church to favor the right of a proprietor of a place offering public accommodations to discriminate against persons of a particular race?

Just as discrimination is inconsistent with our religious beliefs, it is also contrary to the American principle of equality of opportunity and the belief in the dignity and integrity of the individual. If we take seriously these principles, we cannot defend these acts of discrimination. Dare we permit the image of the United States as the land of equality and justice to be destroyed by those who defend their prejudices in order to protect what they believe to be their financial security?

That such discrimination weakens the cause of the United States in its struggle with communism is obvious. Dean Rusk stated: "The biggest single burden we carry on our backs in our foreign relations in the 1960's is the problem of racial discrimination here at home." In other words, those who continue practices which deny to any individual, or group equal opportunities in public accommodations, education, employment, political participation, housing, and the administration of justice are working against the interest of the United States and are promoting the interests of its enemies. Such action is also wrong because it is contrary to principles of common decency and justice. By purely ethical standards—regardless of whether or not one is committed to principles of national loyalty or religious faith, to deny a person or group equal opportunities to food, lodging, and other accommodations because of race, color, creed, or national origin is unjust and indecent. No other reason for bringing discrimination to an end is necessary.

Many persons say that discrimination in places of public accommodation is wrong, but that it must be eliminated by friendly persuasion, by education, but not by laws. "You can't change attitudes by law" is the statement one often hears to defend the status quo.

Let's look, therefore, at question number two—"Should racial discrimination in public accommodations be forbidden by law?" I say "yes" for the following reasons:

(1) In the first place the statement that law does not change attitudes is a half-truth. The whole truth is that law changes behavior and behavior usually changes attitudes. Especially is this so if the act being forbidden is one which is thought to be wrong, but is justified for some reason. The use of the prohibition amendment as an analogy is false because its reason for failing was due to the fact that too many people were not convinced that drinking was wrong.

I believe sincerely that most people regard race discrimination as wrong but feel that their economic survival makes it necessary. The job is not to convince people that discrimination is evil; the job is to show people that it is not a *necessary* evil. Once laws against discrimination are on the books, persons who have never had an opportunity to associate with Negroes soon begin to wonder why that opportunity had not always existed.

(2) A second reason for the elimination of discrimination in public accommodations by law is that most proprietors of such establishments are people of good will who feel compelled to discriminate by custom. Many proprietors said they would stop discrimination if their competitors would serve all persons regardless of race. Those who say laws are bad because they compel persons to conform ignore the fact that in the absence of law, it is custom which demands conformity. In such a situation the law not only increases the freedom of those discriminated against, but also gives the proprietor the freedom to serve all where before custom had made this extremely difficult.

(3) The third reason is closely related to the second—since most laws have the effect of restricting one person's freedom by increasing the freedom of another, we must see that it is the function of law to select priorities. For example, when we passed laws restricting the freedom of the employer to hire and fire as he saw fit, we thus increased the freedom of the worker to bargain collectively. When we passed laws restricting the employer to pay whatever wages the traffic would bear, we increased the freedom of the employee to receive a basic minimum wage. We used the law as an instrument to promote the greatest good for the greatest number by determining the priorities of defending the freedom of one group against that of another group. No one would deny that the payment of taxes restricts the freedom to spend that money as one wishes, but who would deny that the payment of taxes is necessary if the nation is to survive? Endless examples of this point can be made.

Most laws, therefore, simultaneously restrict and promote freedom. Whether a traffic light restricts or promotes your freedom depends upon

whether the light is red or green at the time your car approaches it. By the same token—to say that laws against discrimination are bad because they restrict the freedom of choice of the proprietor is to ignore the fact that such laws greatly increase the freedom of choice of a Negro who wants a place to eat and a place to sleep. *No person who has seen a colored person explain to his child what it means to be a Negro in America could defend discrimination in any form or under any circumstances.* Put yourself in the shoes of a Negro. Imagine the sting and pain of humiliation which he suffers daily because of the absence of laws to protect him against discrimination. Such experiences should not be forced upon anyone—not for a day and certainly not for a lifetime.

(4) The fourth reason we must *outlaw* discrimination in public accommodations is so that the world may know that when discrimination exists, it does so *in spite of* the law and not *because of it* nor *in the absence of it*. We must serve notice everywhere that racial discrimination is contrary not only to American principles but is contrary to U. S. law. When U. S. tourists are deluged with questions abroad about the race problem in America, they should be able to say that such practices are those of individuals who are violating the law. If such is the case, we may never need to apologize because no nation need ever be ashamed of the actions of some of its citizens when such actions are against what the nation requires in its laws and its constitution.

(5) A fifth reason for the desirability of such a law is that it would complement what is considered as sound constitutional policy. A good case can be made to show that under the equal protection clause of the 14th Amendment places of public accommodation act unconstitutionally when they practice racial discrimination. Such enterprises are, as Justice Douglas has pointed out, businesses affected with a public interest and thus obligated to serve the public interest. Also as enterprises licensed by the state, they have a legal obligation to serve all without regard to race, color, creed or national origin. As Justice Douglas said—"I do not believe that a state that licenses a business can license it to serve only whites or only blacks or only yellows or browns."

It is for these reasons that racial discrimination in places of public accommodations should be prohibited by law.

Socrates was once asked when justice would come to Athens. He replied, "Justice will come to Athens when those who are not victims of injustice are as indignant as those who are." Are you indignant about the injustices suffered by Negroes in your community? If so, what are you doing about it? If not, why not?—LEWIS I. MADDOCKS

youth ^{in the} NEWS

Joan Leslie Allen, America's Junior Miss for 1962, is all smiles as she boards the bus for Elmhurst Academy in Portsmouth, R. I. The 17-year-old beauty is returning to school after winning her title in Mobile, Ala.



Prague young people are not rebellious

Prague, Czechoslovakia, has compromised with its young people and thus seems to have fended off the youthful rebellion that can be felt in most East European capitals. A mixed diet of jazz and art apparently satisfies the appetite of teenagers for an evening's fun. A local version of the Charleston is the "hottest" thing the dance halls have to offer.

The dance halls around Wencelas Square are rather seedy places with unswept floors, dreary furnishings

and tired though competent bands. Poorly dressed boys and girls are sprinklings of soldiers on leave, churn about, rarely breaking into smiles or having any bodily contact. The demeanor of the boys and girls tends to confirm the statements of city officials that juvenile delinquency is a relatively small problem.

One of the reasons for Prague's good record in this area is that the present system doesn't tolerate idleness or enough free time to make mischief. Under the "block" system, committees of householders meet to discuss problems. Mischief-making

collared and lectured before they collide with the police.

A second explanation may be found in the dour atmosphere that prevails in Prague, the high degree of social control exercised by the communist authorities, and the disappearance of the romantic spirit from a city that was once noted for it.

Another factor that is said to distinguish the Prague resident is that he by training and tradition is believed to be a compulsive worker whereas his counterpart in Warsaw or Budapest must be urged.

High schoolers to see Shakespeare festival

The quota of 68,000 tickets available at \$2 each for the student audience program at the American Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Conn., has been almost completely sold. Tickets have been purchased by 500 schools with a group from the Alexis DuPont High School in Wilmington, Del., traveling the long distance to the festival. Each teacher chaperoning twenty pupils gets a free ticket. The "student season" extends from April 30 to June 9, and then from September 19 to October 20.

Colleges offer "little room" for moral training

Students find "little room" in the university today for spiritual and moral education, said Dr. Harold Taylor, president of the famed Sarah Lawrence College for Women.

Speaking at the annual Founders' Day Convocation at Boston University, Dr. Taylor stressed that colleges now are divided into "three huge pieces of apparatus, none of which is designed to deal with the moral education of its students."

He listed the three areas as the academic apparatus, administrative structure and the student personnel section. "In this situation," said Dr. Taylor, "it is no wonder that the student culture creates its own values and its own standards and that cheating on examinations, throwing basketball games, competing for grades . . . is condoned as the normal conduct of the American student."

UCC film on automation is now available

"Tomorrow?," a 28-minute black and white sound film produced by the Office of Communication in consultation with the Council for Christian Social Action, is now available from the Bureau of Audio Visuals of the United Church of Christ and other rental agencies.

The film, made up of shots and interviews taken on the spot, centers on the problem and potentiality of automation in present day American economy. Top management people, engineers, workers, and a labor representative give expression to their views. Preliminary showings indicate that the film used in combination with a study guide serves an effective discussion starter.

PLYMOUTH
FREDRIC
MARCH
"GIDEON"

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PLYMOUTH
FREDRIC MARCH
DOUGLAS CAMPELL
"GIDEON"
PADDY CHAYEFSKY

IF ANYONE IS IN
THE THEATRE

GET OUT
OFF

THEATRE

PLAY WITH SOMETHING TO SAY

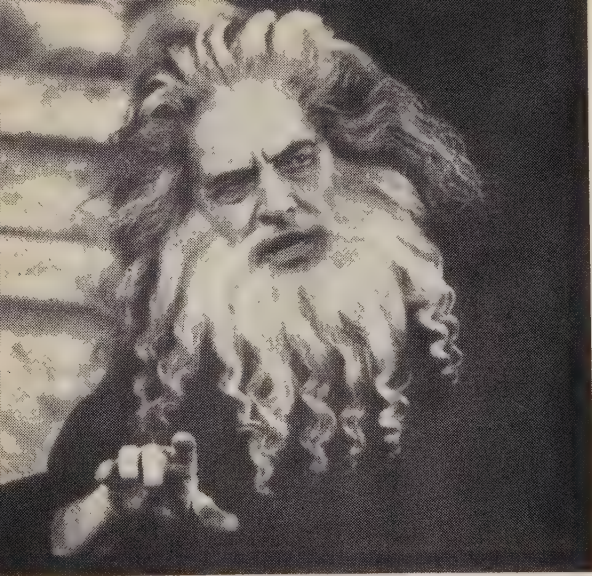
Has it ever been easy for you to do the will of God? Has it ever been easy for anyone anywhere to say "Thy will be done" and then to truly do it? History says emphatically, "No!" People in biblical times found it most convenient to worship gods whom they'd made in their own image—little gods that they could comprehend, cajole, and control. Worshiping a God whom you can't understand or question, a God whose favor can't be bought with empty offerings, a God who says, "It is enough that I love you and that you obey me," has never been easy or fun.

Paddy Chayefsky's Broadway hit, *Gideon*, tells of just this struggle in man's relation to God. In a warm, lively drama he has captured the biblical story of Gideon and the Israelites from the pages of Judges 6-8 and carried it to a New York stage. Fredric March as God and Douglas Campbell as Gideon interpret their roles in a deep, dramatic, yet wonderfully humorous way. Chayefsky's imaginative research into the Old Testament world gives us a glittering fabric of biblical historical fact. *Gideon* is full of precise touches about sacrificial customs, clothing and village life in scriptural times. It is full of ancient geography, history and color which make the Israelites of 1100 B.C. really come alive.

In June of that year, the Israelites were living in mortal fear of an attack by the powerful Midianites who would destroy the produce of their land and leave them with no sustenance at all. Yahweh had let the Israelites fall prey to this disaster for seven years, ever since they had turned to the worship of false gods. But this time God heeds the Israelites' frenzied cries for help, and although they are praying to Ba-al, he takes mercy upon them.

Working in his strange and mysterious way, God reveals his presence only to Gideon, a clumsy, unmilitary farmer, who is a most unlikely candidate to be a saviour of the Israelites. In spite of Gideon's protests about his inadequacy, God insists that he wants a man and a plan for defeating the enemy who are so preposterous that no one will doubt that the Israelites' victory over the Midianites is a miracle of God. He finally convinces Gideon to gather together a band of 300 uncompromising cowards to arm them with 300 oil lamps and 300 horns and to attack the 120,000 Midianites. The plan is an artful ruse and the battle a smashing success. The noise and light so terrify the Midianites that they stampede and kill each other without Gideon and his men ever becoming involved.

Only one miscalculation was present. God had underestimated Gideon's vanity and man's desire to give himself credit for a miracle that God alone had wrought. After the victory, Gideon's wish to be a king in his own right leads him to ultimate rejection of God's will for his life. His pomposity and pride are symbolic of Israel's denial of God in 1100 B.C. Through Gideon's simplicity and humor, Chayefsky induces every audience to "innocent wonder and wise laughter" and to some thoughtful questioning of their own denials in 1962 A.D.



EXCERPTS FROM THE PLAY /

THE ANGEL: *I am the Lord your God, Gideon. I have heard your groans under the Midianite yoke. You have cried out to Ba-al, but it is my ears that heard. My wrath was hot against you, for you have bowed down and served the Amorite gods and the Ba-als of the Canaanites. My name is Jealous, Gideon, for I am a Jealous God; and I have delivered you into the hands of the Midianites. But I have remembered the covenant I made with Jacob and the bargain I struck with Moses, and will redeem you from the Midianite oppression. For My Name is the Loving God, the Gracious God, the Merciful God, and I have hearkened your groans.*

(This is all a little too much for poor Gideon. He makes a few half-hearted whacks at the wheat in the wine-press and then speaks out in thorough distress)

GIDEON: *What would you have me say? I am a poor farmer, beating out wheat in his wine-press. Suddenly, a black-bearded stranger appeared at my elbow and shouts at me: "I am your God!" Well, I find this all an unusual business. I do not hold everyday traffic with gods. I said: "Very well." What else should I have said? And you have abused me roundly and hold me back from my pressing work.*

THE ANGEL: *I shall raise up from among you a redeemer, and he shall deliver you from the Midianites. . . . You shall be the redeemer, Gideon.*

GIDEON: *Sir, I am Gideon, the donkey of the clan. Ask anyone in Ophrah or on the hills. They shall tell you Gideon is a good enough fellow but an ass. Will you gird a donkey and make him your general? Of course, it is a prank. I am often the butt of such pranks. It is a prank, is it not? Of course. Ho! Gideon the general! What an idea!*

THE ANGEL: *You are a mighty man of valor.*



GIDEON: *"Oh, my Lord, it came to pass, as you said. One hundred and twenty thousand Midianites lie slain this night. How great you are, my Lord, and how impermanent is man.*

(He begins to snicker and giggle)

"Forgive me, my Lord, forgive me. . . .

(In a moment, he has yielded to a spasm of uncontrollable laughter. He stands, clutching his sides, shouting and wheezing, lurching about, stumbling over bodies. He manages to squeeze out bursts of sentences.)

"Oh, my Lord! You will not believe this! Oh! It is so comical, let me gather my wits! Oh, I am a foolish ass indeed Oh! Oh! Oh! My Lord, one hundred and twenty thousand Midianites were slain this night, the entire host of them, or so it seems! Oh! Oh! One hundred and twenty thousand of them slain, and I, the captain of the hosts of Israel—Oh! Oh! Oh!—and I, my Lord, I, the captain of the hosts, did not so much as unsheathe my dagger! I took no part at all in the whole bloody battle! Do you understand, my Lord? Oh! I never got within a mile of a Midianite! I watched the whole night from the hills!





GIDEON: *What is it that you love in me, my Lord? These other men with whom you've commersed face to face) were saints or prophets, but I am an ordinary sort. I am as all men are.*

THE ANGEL: *Well, perhaps **that** is your special attraction, your ordinari-
ness. I would have plain men love me, not just saints. . . .*

*. . . Oh, Gideon, I shall bless you. I shall make your fields to
prosper. I shall make your cattle fat. Your father shall kneel before you
and embrace your knees. All Israel shall say: "Regard Gideon; he is
the most blessed of men, for he is beloved of God." You seem displeased
by all this good fortune.*

GIDEON: *Yes, well, all this greatness, all this good fortune which you
will make mine, will not really be mine. It is all but a gift from God.
There is no honor that reflects to me in it at all, merely that I am beloved
of God.* ►





(The contest between Gideon's personal vanity and God's will for him continues as Gideon's battle "heroics" gain increasing fame)

GIDEON: *O, Lord, could I not be king of Israel? . . . I do not think I ask so very much! I do not say I will usurp your throne. . . . Indeed, I meant to make your name greater. I would build altars for you and enforce your laws. All I asked was a bit of pomp because I am a vain fellow and like to preen before the people. Well, then I am vain! That is my manner! You could indulge me in this minor frailty. Just this one time!*

THE ANGEL: *I will not make you king over these people, for they shall see a king and forget about the Lord. They shall bow down to the king, and they shall not bow down to me. They will seek blessings from this king who cannot bless and fear this king who cannot frighten. Therefore I am the king over Israel and the people shall bow down to me and fear me and seek my blessings. Surely, this is clear to you.*

(Gideon mutters, sulking)

GIDEON: *Perhaps, you chiefs and princes think it is a splendid state to be loved by God; well, it is not. Do this, do that, such-and-such, so-and-so, constant demands, and what does one get for a thank you? Ah, well, let us not speak of it any more. It only puts me in a fury.*

(Gideon becomes increasingly disagreeable and disobedient. His most rebellious act is his refusal to kill the wicked elders of Succoth as God has commanded. And now he has to answer to God)



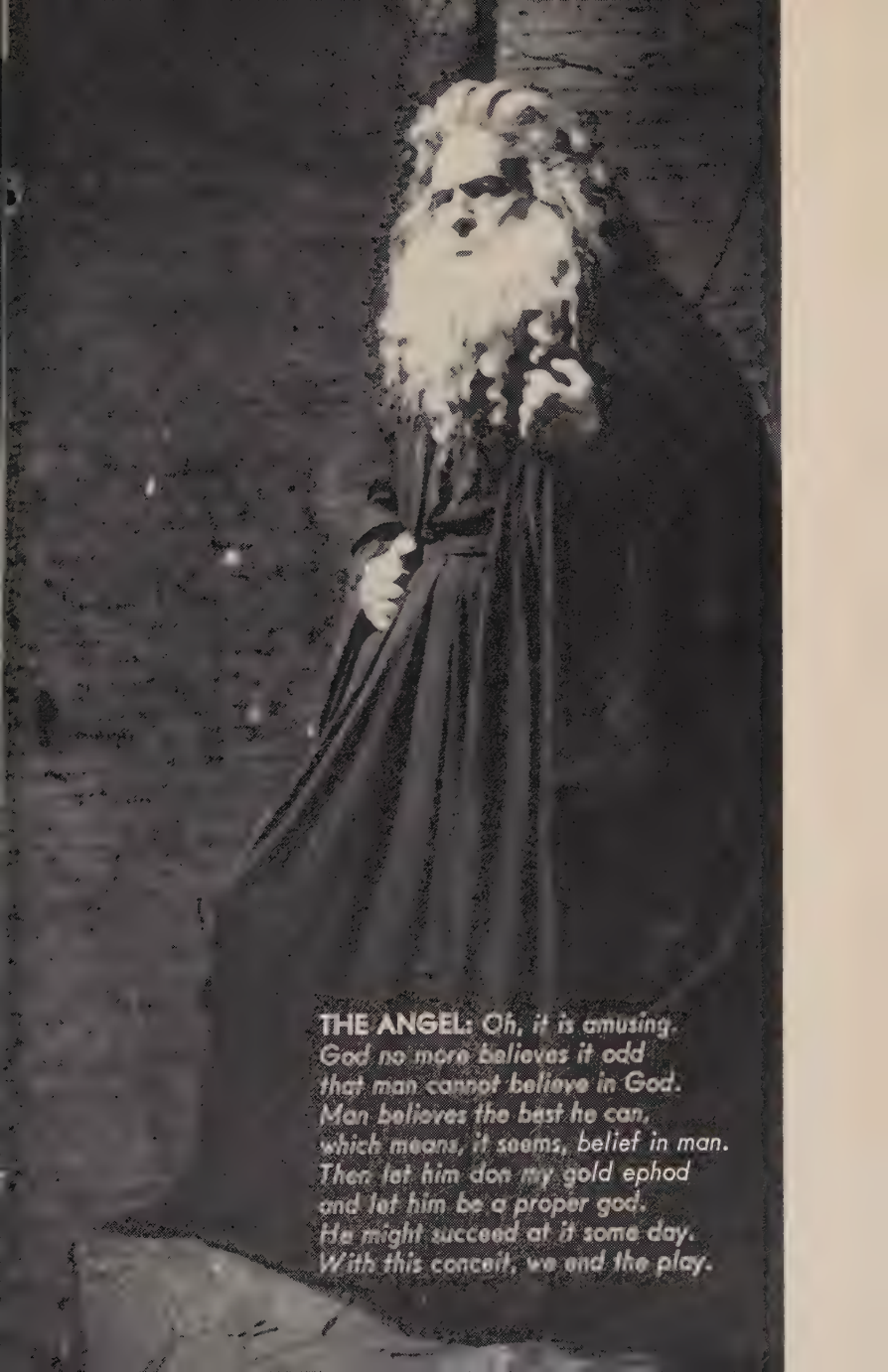


THE ANGEL: *You do not love me?*

GIDEON: *I tried to love you, but it is too much for me. You are too vast a concept for me. To love you, God, one must be a god himself. I not kill the elders of Succoth, and I shall tell you why. I raised my spear above their heads, but in that moment I felt a shaft of terror th chills me even now. It was as if the nakedness of all things was exposed me, and I saw myself and all men for what we truly are, suspensions o matter, flailing about for footholds in the void, all the while slipping back screaming into endless suffocations. That is the truth of things, I know, but I cannot call it truth. It is too hideous, an intolerable state affairs. I cannot love you, God, for it makes me a meaningless thing.*

THE ANGEL: . . . *You want the universe to please your eye, Gideon, not mine. You would be God yourself. Hear me well, O Hebrew. I a jealous God and brook no other gods, not even you. Why have I come here at all but to put an end to false idols? You have done well pulling down the effigies of Ba-al, but do not think to set yourself up their empty altars! Do not make a cult of man, not even in fancy.*

(Gideon's desire to have meaning in and of himself is much too strong, however. All of God's pleas and warnings are not enough to stop him from donning the gold ephod he'd made for God and parading pompously away. As he watches him fade forever from him, God moves downstage and regards the audience. He's quite cheerful now as he recites)



THE ANGEL: Oh, it is amusing.
God no more believes it odd
that man cannot believe in God.
Man believes the best he can,
which means, it seems, belief in man.
Then let him don my gold ephod
and let him be a proper god.
He might succeed at it some day.
With this conceit, we end the play.

Approval for Demonstrators

I wish to give my vote of approval to those youth who demonstrated for peace and against nuclear testing during Easter. My only regret is that I was not able to be with them physically, but I was with them in spirit. My prayers were with them in their fight for peace of American youth and the youth of the world today.

—*Cathleen Cink,*
Valley City, No. Dak.

Anyone Seen the Light?

The speed of light is 186,000 miles per *second*, not miles per hour as is stated in the article, "A Missing Factor," in the April 15 issue of YOUTH.

—*Sigmon Whitener,*
Lenoir, N. C.

Objections Voiced

I read your article on "If Jesus Were Alive Today" in the February 18 issue of YOUTH. I thought it was very good. I also saw the movie, "King of Kings." I saw it with the Community Church Youth Fellowship. I thought it was fantastic. I agree in some part with Ted and in others with his father. I have only

one objection—you never told what happened to Ted and his idea! You left us hanging in the air. After that wonderful discussion you ended it with "Must I?" But on the whole I enjoyed the article and previous articles. I only thought that one part—the ending—was bad.

—*Candyce Carpenter,*
Great Neck, N. Y.

I was not pleased with the ending to your article on "If Jesus Were Alive Today." I thought it might have ended like this, "Well, I have my rights and she should respect them. But I guess we will both have to give a little."

—*Patty Seaman,*
Great Neck, N. Y.

Prove God to Me

I don't believe in God. God is simply the product of the imagination and insecurity of man. The idea of God is a nice way to explain the unexplainable. And you disappoint me. Usually your magazine deals honestly and courageously with the big issues of our time. But you, too, avoid the biggest question of all, "Is there a God?" You're fooling yourself if you think all your young readers believe in God. You know that nobody can prove that there's a God.

—*Mike Morro,*
Chicago, Ill.

may we quote you ?

The necessary and desirable separation of institutions of Church and State does not mean divorcing individual religious conscience from politics. The Christian faith should not be narrowly limited to private spiritual concerns. The Christian faith also is concerned with social righteousness. To say otherwise is, in effect, to assert that the Christian faith is not relevant to the world as it is.

—Samuel W. Witwer

"A couple of weeks ago I was completely mad for Charlie," confided a teenager to her friend. "And now I can't stand him at all. Isn't it funny how changeable men are?"—Art Unger, *The Cool Book*.

There's a good deal of God in everything you do. It's like climbing up a ladder, and the ladder rests on nothing, and you climb higher and higher and you feel there must be God at the top. It can't be unsupported up there.

—Robert Frost

I hope we shall never forget that we created this nation, not to serve ourselves, but to serve mankind.—Woodrow Wilson

The three great menaces on the highway today, according to state authorities, are drunken drivers, uncontrolled thumbing, and indiscriminate necking. To put it simply: hick, hike, and hug.

—Art Unger, *The Cool Book*

The man who knows his worth respects his fellow man because he respects himself first. He does not boast; is not self-seeking; nor does he force his personal opinion on others.

—Harry M. Banfield

COVER



STORY

What does graduation mean to you? Is it happy or sad? Is it a beginning or an end? Is it a time of hope or a time of fear? It is all these things, yet much more. Graduation means continuation. Its best promise is that your days of seeking, learning, growing, giving, taking, sometimes failing, sometimes succeeding will go on as always. If you have lived well, commencement urges you to continue doing so. If you have fallen short, it offers you new worlds in which to become wonderfully creative. Graduation's greatest message is that life, with all its hope and potential, continues.

CREDITS FOR THIS ISSUE /

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SOME
HUMOR?

"It started out to be a great painting of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego but everyone tells me it looks more like the Three Stooges!"



"Hmm-m, you are very fond of butterscotch par-faits."

wish you guys would
ng your own raincoats."



"Now I suppose you'll find
an excuse for not making it
to the prom."

again

● In the ROUND

DIZCO'S



SS-CLASSIC
EPA-SHOWS

GOOD MUSIC IS IN:

Record racks are stacked. Disc sales are booming. But what to buy? How do you know what's really good music? Starting in this issue, YOUTH will feature every other month serious and classical music as reviewed by George Hlinek, a contributing editor of Hi Fi/Stereo Review. In alternating months, jazz and popular music. Send us your questions on music.

Pablo Casals is invited to give a chamber music concert in the White House . . . a few weeks later, Igor Stravinsky follows him as the inner guest of President and Mrs. Kennedy . . . our symphony orchestras perform to audiences of record-breaking size . . . you can see and hear visiting opera companies in college and high school auditoriums everywhere . . . Leonard Bernstein makes legions of converts to the cause with every one of his flamboyant TV appearances. And, if all these were not enough, there is a decided trend in broadcasting to move away from the grating and monotonous sounds which have held our airwaves captive for the past many years. No doubt about it, good music is "in." And that's what my column is going to be about in the months ahead.

Will it limit itself to "serious" music? Not really. "Serious" is an old-fashioned and rather inaccurate word in this context. Not all "serious" music is good music and, certainly there's an abundance of good music that isn't serious at all. So, let's simply say that this column will deal with personalities and recordings in the field of symphonic, vocal and instrumental music, with occasional excursions into the "in between" world of operetta, musical comedy, band music and the like. Its tone and its whole approach will be informal, free of musicological jargon, and it will emerge with no high-pressure salesmanship on behalf of its subject. Music is an easy commodity to sell, and I proceed from the premise that those who ignore its offerings deliberately deprive themselves of one of life's most accessible and most enriching pleasures.

Look at the extraordinary success of Leonard Bernstein as super salesman for good music! His secret, I think, lies in his uncanny blending of an inherently glamorous subject with an enthusiastic but down-to-earth approach. He knows that there's no better way of losing an otherwise receptive audience than by insisting that serious music be treated with allowed reverence. After all, why should it? Music's primary mission has always been the delight and entertainment of mankind. At least, the great composers thought so. Take, for instance, the case of Haydn. He may be called "the father of the symphony" but he was a simple man and he composed a substantial portion of his works for the entertainment of his patron's aristocratic guests. We would call these pieces "background

music" today. Mozart, Schubert and Beethoven—to mention only the greatest names—often utilized Austrian folk dances in their compositions. Some of these pieces were considered the *popular music* of the early 19th century and they were actually the forerunners of the waltzes of Johann Strauss.

"Popular" and "classical" music were not always separated by a wide gap. On the contrary, throughout the decades when music was meant to appeal to the widest possible audience, they followed closely parallel, and even overlapping, paths. In our own century, the examples of Fritz Kreisler, Victor Herbert and George Gershwin have clearly proved that the two streams can spring from the same well with equally happy results.

For some strange reason, in modern times the notion has become prevalent that "popularity," an appeal to mass acceptance, implies art on a lower level. The gap between "classical" and "popular" music, accordingly, became broader. The popular stream ran its own merry, and sometimes rocky, course and within the realm of classical music there emerged musical directions based on rigid, complicated and highly technical theories. This new music no longer sought to entertain. If it gave pleasure to all, it was a pleasure akin to a scientific discovery, shared only by a select group of pupils, a few kindred souls within an intimate circle.

To each his own. What may be harsh to one man's ear may be the sweetest music to other ears. As far as my own are concerned, I prefer to go along with Giuseppe Verdi, who judged the success of an opera not by the critical reviews ("opinions") but by the box office reports ("facts"). As he so aptly and unforgettably put it: "the theater is meant to be full, not empty."

But even today, popular and classical music are much closer than most people might think. If "serious" composers abandoned the idea of appealing to a broader public, popular writers know better than to let go of a good thing. Tin Pan Alley forever returns to the legacy of classic tunes when other means of inspiration fail. I wonder how many people who are contemptuous of, or frightened by, "longhair" music have hummed or whistled contentedly such pleasant "standards" as "Full Moon and Empty Arms" or "The Lamp Is Low" without the faintest idea that they were in fact, humming or whistling Rachmaninoff and Ravel. The list of the "adaptations"—to use a polite term—is endless. Some 20 years ago, when these practices were particularly rampant, there was a popular tune by the title "Everybody's Making Money But Tchaikovsky," and that just about summed up the situation.

Recently, two such "borrowings" from the classics even found their way



to the exalted ranks of the best-selling pop hits. Della Reese's recording "Don't You Know" was really a vulgarized edition of "Musetta's Waltz" from Puccini's *La Bohème*, while Jackie Wilson's "Night" was a travesty of an aria from Saint-Saëns's *Samson and Delilah*. Both "updated" versions are now virtually forgotten because in the world of Tin Pan Alley nothing is older than yesterday's hit. The originals, however, go on—apparently forever. In this contrast, perhaps, lies the clearest explanation of what does and what does not make "good music."

So much by way of a general introduction. I shall return bi-monthly and look forward to your comments, criticism and suggestions of topics you'd like to see covered. This will be a column that will be guided by your interests.—GEORGE JELLINEK

A PRAYER AT GRADUATION

Our Father God, we come to Thee at a memorable moment in the life of all men. We look upon a world which seems unlimited in opportunity and self-satisfaction. Seated on the summit of worldly achievement, we are tempted to pray, "O Man, what is *God*, that thou are mindful of Him?" May such a prayer never be more than the youthful impatience of a growing mind.

Grant unto us who are sons of men the grace to become sons of God. In our search for Truth and the Fullness of Living, confront us with *responsibility* rather than self-interest. Imbue us with a discontent of that indulgence which draws a tight circle around Self.

Where we would launch rockets, let them be missiles of service rather than vainglory. Where we would be physicians, let us be statesmen of medicine who track the dark killers of man by the brilliant light of Thy science. Where we would be teachers and thinkers and writers, let us be Servants of Integrity who grapple with the forces of injustice, separation, and human folly.

Silently, unknown to some and known to others, help us to be the prophets and leaders of Thy Reign. May something of what our school has taught us be used by Thee to replace ignorance with Truth and meaninglessness with Purpose and Power. By Thy Grace we pray. Amen.